

INTERNATIONAL SUNSHINE SOCIETY.

President General—Mrs. Cynthia W. Allen,
Headquarters—96 Fifth Avenue, New York.
State President, Florida, Mrs. Mary L.
Bradt, 211 West Adams, S. Jacksonville.

"Have you a kindness shown?
Pass it on;
'Twas not given for you alone,
Pass it on;
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears,
Pass it on;

Motto—Good Cheer.
Colors—Yellow and white.
State Color—Deep Orange.
Flower—Coreopsis.
Song—"Scatter Sunshine."

THOUGHTS FOR THE WEEK.

The Golden Mean.

He that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the
poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's
door
Embittering all his state.

The tallest pines feel most the power
Of wintry blasts; the loftiest tower
Comes heaviest to the ground,
The bolts that spare the mountain's
side,
His cloud-cape eminence divide.
And spread the ruin round.
—Translated from Horace.

You can only be in right relationship with other men when you meet with them in the light of an ideal, when you unite with them in the great purposes which are part of the movement of the ages, which are part of the elemental forces of the universe which can lift the world. And when you do unite with men in that fundamental way, raising your voice as part of the spirit of God against every wrong you know, impelled by your love of the right, learning wisdom by patience, by endeavor, then will you and your fellowmen again become powers. And so emphasizing this fundamental relationship, we are all united together in that one pact—to worthily defend that trust of trusts, life from the Ever Living.

I feel that the world is better today than it has ever been before, but I doubt if any of us consider it good enough. What we need to do is to bring our gospel to bear upon the problems of our day that we may show an emancipated twentieth century humanity that good fellowship is not enough, nor sympathy nor charity, but that what God commands is the clean life and the helpful life, which grow out of love for Him as seen in our fellowmen. It is only the few who have had the vision of this old gospel under the new form.—Oscar B. Hawes.

To help toward the fulfilling of the divine commands, and to make this world a better place, is surely the desire of us all.

We have seen to what heights we may attain through the dignity of labor. It is the common lot of man to serve. But how?

In humble ways first of all, the preliminary and initial steps: small as acorns in the soil, expanding germs of mighty oaks; as the hidden seed, least of all seeds, it may be, enriched and expanded, aided by the combining of all the great forces of the universe which can lift up the world."

Combined humble efforts, the primary steps led to the ideals we must ever keep in view, to those heights "Whereon lie repose;" repose is never won until the heights are sealed.

Hand in hand with angels,
Through the world we go;
Brighter eyes are on us
Than we blind ones know;
Tender voices cheer us
Than we deaf will own;
Never, walking heavenwards,
Can we walk alone.

Hand in hand with angels;
Some are out of sight,
Leading us, unknowing,
Into paths of light,
Some dear hands are loosened
From our earthly clasp,
Soul in soul to hold us
With a firmer clasp.

Hand in hand with angels—
Walking every day,—
How the chain may lengthen,
None of us can say,
But we know it reaches
From earth's lowliest one,
To the shining seraph,
Throned beyond the sun.

Hand in hand with angels;
Blessed so to be!
Helped are all the helpers;
Giving light they see,
He who aids another
Strengthens more than one;
Sinking earth he grapples
To the Great White Throne.

—Lucy Larcom.

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Thus sang one who labored daily in the mills of Lowell. At the same time always striving to attain to lofty ideals, friend of Whittier and Lucy Maria Ould and their coterie of earnest men and women. Sent to us by one who upon her bed is preparing her annual message of Christmas cheer and counsel to hundreds of prisoners, and for her missionary friends in far off lands.

Florida Fall Sunshine.

The idea of taking some especial Sunshine work for a month proved inspiring. November Sunshine was an excellent example. Envelopes, circulars and postage stamps were furnished.

Sixty typewritten copies of the Thanksgiving appeal were made by a long-time Sunshine friend.

Sixty-five or more were sent out with a personal letter asking individual Sunshine members, branches, strangers and Woman's Clubs to include Sunshine in their daily thoughts and efforts. The clubs were asked to appoint a Sunshine committee to supplement the large work of the clubs by attention to the lesser acts which make up the sum of happiness, urging all to form Sunshine branches in every hamlet and county; that, where there are ten families, there may be ten or more people who will scatter Sunshine and note its rays for the encouragement of all. Twenty dollars contributed to the Children's Home Society from clubs and individuals was gladly received by both the society and Sunshine.

A Thanksgiving offering was presented from Miss Jacob's kindergarten and passed on.

Eighty-three letters were written, thirty-five received, and many kind and helpful words and acts passed on. As our beloved Mrs. Lockett says: "It was a beautiful Thanksgiving."

For December we shall pass on Christmas cheer to young and old, and pennies and stamps will be needed to enable us to remember the little ones, the cripples, the ill and those rich and poor who are longing for our kindly sympathy.

The very little ones we have helped to place in good homes can now help to remember others. So save the pennies, send the red-winged messenger and the toys and scraps for doll's clothes, and many nice things.

The Sunshine pins, with rosettes of yellow and white, the Sunshine colors, are welcomed by the children. While the spirit of Sunshine can be spread without money and without price, it is essential to have scrip in our Sunshine purses.

The following letter from Mrs. Alden will speak to all of Christmas needs, and reasons for Christmas appeals:

"Dear Sunshine Editor: It is so

near Christmas time, I am beginning our Christmas greetings by sending one to you and the readers of your publication. You have always been most kind in publishing Sunshine news, and again I want to thank you. There would be very little use of the workers at headquarters were it not for the assistance of the public press.

"We still consider ourselves a newspaper club, although our membership now reaches all over the world, and takes in all kinds of members and workers of all denominations. Our dues—a kind deed—can be paid by anyone, no matter what part of the world he may be in.

"Our Christmas greetings will go to every state in the Union. Gift forwarded to us are sent out early, so as to be sure and go into the stockings the night before Christmas. If my request does not conflict with other Sunshine work being done by your newspaper, I should be glad to have you publish my Christmas plea for the little ones.

"It would be hard to make a plea for our little ones that will touch your hearts more than these little lines from Maxwell's Talisman:

"Just look at all the faces of the children peering out,
So wistfully from the tenements, that you could cheer, no doubt,
And then there's many a cripple, wee that lies upon a cot,
And just a blooming rose would bring the sunshine to his lot.

"The world is full of little hearts that crave but just to know,
The little kindness you could give and brighten to a glow.
Be, be a cheerful giver, then, and if your purse is thin,
Just give the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin."

"We need hundreds of dolls, jack-knives, books, toys, games, boxes of candy, etc., to put in the stockings of the little folks who heretofore have looked in vain. These two children James Montague tells about:

"See them dollies, baby? Them's for little girls
That has worn furry jackets and pretty flowing curls.
Santa Clause 'ill take 'em an' 'tribute every one
Among them happy children—won't they just have fun?

"We ain't got no dollies, baby, mean' you
Must stand here looking at 'em and' wonder what we'd do
If he got mixed up somehow in passin' 'em around.
An' left a pretty dolly at our house safe an' sound.

"I think we'd just go crazy if we had one of these
Big, blue-eyed, yellow-haired ones, with all them pretty clothes,
We'd pet an' hug an' love it a whole lot more, I'll bet.
Than any pretty rich child that ever had one yet.

"But that won't never happen, an' baby, you an' me,
Are havin' all the Christmas we'll ever see.
Come on! let's be goin'. It makes me awful blue
To think they're all for others to play with—Don't it you?"

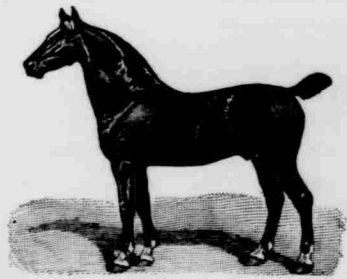
"Let us all do just a little—just enough to stop the sobbing of the child who has been forgotten.

Peal out, glad chimes of Christmas,
Ring clear and loud and wild
That none may know the utter woe
In the sob of a little child.
A child that was born to sorrow,
A child that is pinched and lame,
Who watched the flight of a desolate night
For a Christmas that never came.

Dreaming his griefs fell from him,
The hunger and racking pain
Left never a trace on the little face,

Warranted to Give Satisfaction.

Gombault's Caustic Balsam



Has Imitators But No Competitors.

A Safe, Speedy and Positive Cure for
Curb, Splint, Sweeney, Capped Hock,
Strained Tendons, Founder, Wind
Puffs, and all lameness from Spavin,
Ringbone and other bony tumors.
Cures all skin diseases or Parasites,
Thrush, Diphtheria. Removes all
Bunches from Horses or Cattle.

As a Human Remedy for Rheumatism,
Sprains, Sore Throat, etc., it is invaluable.
Every bottle of Caustic Balsam sold is
warranted to give satisfaction. Price \$1.50
per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by express, charges paid, with full directions for its use. Send for descriptive circulars, testimonials, etc. Address

The Lawrence-Williams Co., Cleveland, O.

And the smile came back again;
For the visions of new-found treasures,
The joy and the glad surprise
He had longed to know, and had yearned for so,
Went dancing before his eyes.

But dreams are brief, and the waking
Brought only the chamber bare,
And a little form in a cruel storm
Of grief lay tossing there,
The beautiful visions were shattered,
And the beautiful hopes lay dead,
And never a light from heaven that night
Shown down on that little bed.

Oh! mothers, with laughing children,
And fathers with glad-faced boys,
Each year add more to their goodly store

Of wonderful, costly toys,
Can you not spare just a moment
On this picture of grief and pain,
And give your mite, ere Christmas night,

That this child may smile again?
—James Montague.

"A committee of volunteer helpers will be at headquarters daily from now on to attend to all contributions coming in, and the list of children and individuals to be remembered—thousands.

"Anybody sending a gift with name and address, immediately becomes a member of the One Kindness Club, and will receive a letter of grateful thanks from headquarters.

"Wishing, you and all your readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I am yours faithfully in Sunshine or shade.

"CYNTHIA WESTOVER ALDEN,
"President-General."

This letter gives a vague idea of the enormous amount of work at headquarters, not only at Christmas time, but all the year round.

MRS. B. RADT.

Neptune, Fla., June 16, 1905.

E. O. Painter Fertilizer Co.,
Jacksonville, Fla.,

Gentlemen:

I may send a box of grape fruit to N. C. Wambolt. My fruit is grown on flat-woods land where most people here told me I could not grow anything in the CITRUS LINE. The fine quality of fruit is due entirely to Simon Pure.

Yours truly,

J. Thomas Ziegler.

P. S.—If you offered a prize for Kumquats I reckon it would be mine. Since using Simon Pure on them they are much finer in flavor and color than they were when I used

J. T. Z.